

the measure of Polyclitus. His hands were full of action, his step firm, his head well enough set, but if you looked close you saw that he seemed to lean forward a little, not because the bones of his neck or dorsal column were injured, but, as seems probable, because from infancy he had been in the habit of stooping a little. In face, his complexion was a mixture of both ruddy and white; the rest of his body very white. His hair was blond yellow, and did not, after the fashion of the other barbarians, flow down loosely to his shoulders; he had rejected so extraordinary a practice, and his hair was closely cut even to his ears. Whether his beard was red or not I cannot say; in fact, his beard had been cut with a razor so carefully that the surface appeared smoother than gypsum; and yet I should fancy that the hair before it was removed was reddish, His blue-grey eyes showed great force both of anger and dignity; nose and nostrils gave full vent to his free soul; he aided his nostrils with his chest; and the broad breast again with his nostrils. The whole appearance of this man breathed out something courteous and sweet; but that was now overlaid by the terrible situation in which he found himself.

The same year that saw the career of Bohemund come to an end saw the death of his half-brother the Duke of Apulia (22d February, **uu**

A.D.).

Roger Borsa was the weak son of a
heroic father,
with a task too great for his unwarlike
and simple spirit. He was, says Romuald of
Salerno/

"Romuald of Salerno, anno **mi.** Del Re,
Scrittori
tani, vol. i. " "